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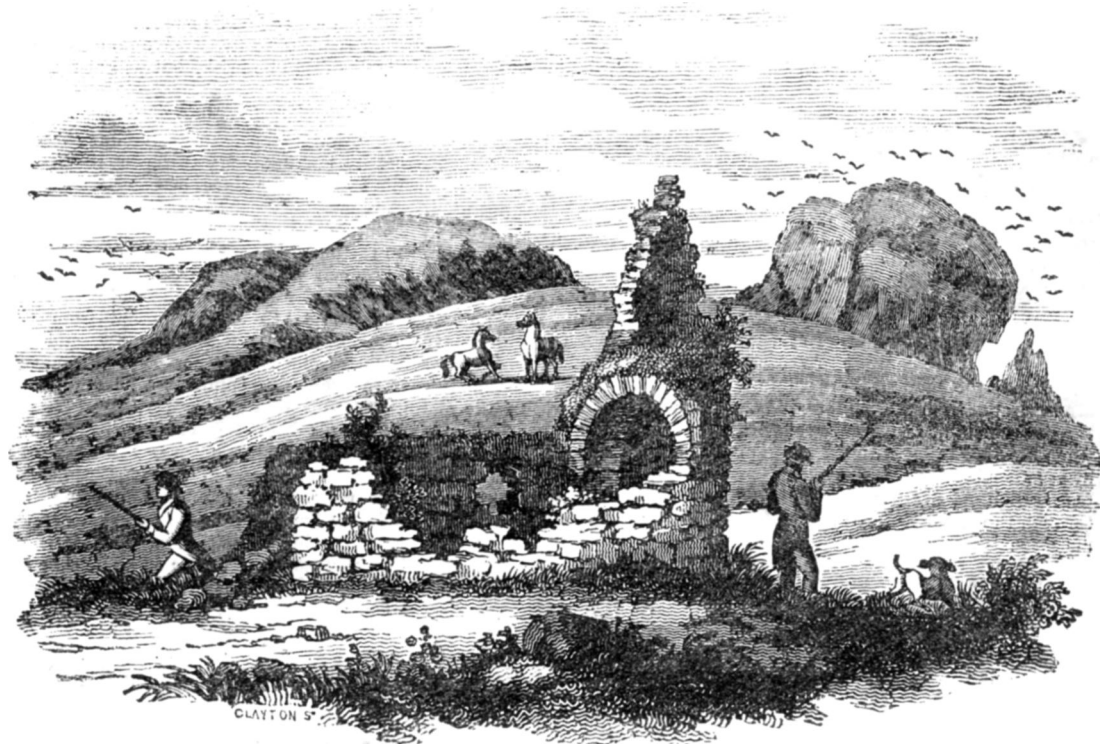
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uncontrolled liberty over the yielding turf, being the only visible signs of proprietorship.

The situation is admirably adapted for retirement and contemplation, placed at a convenient distance from the mainland, and sheltered on the right of the shore from the rude assaults of the warring elements. In the world, and yet removed from it, it must have formed a happy retreat from the turmoil of life. The view from the summit of the island is delightful; placed, as before observed, exactly opposite the harbour of Howth, the rugged promontory of Dun Crimthem appears to the left, breasting the surge in all its savage grandeur—the modern Rail Road now winding up its steep declivity—in front the Light House—Harbour—Town, and ruined Abbey Church—backed by the serried mountain ridge.—To the right, the proud Baronial Castle of the noble St.

Laurence's, embosomed in wood, from which the modest steeple of the Parish Church peeps forth—the hill gradually sinking, or abruptly breaking down into the low neck that joins it to the highly cultivated level of Fingal—that level dotted with its marks of human life—the shore trending away to the west and north, on which appears the fishing village of Baldoyle, with its tiny fleet of hookers—the bay enlivened by the glancing sails of the fleet cutter, or surged by the propelling wheels of the rapid steamer; while over and beyond, to the south, rise the Wicklow Mountains, their bases hazy and indistinct from the smoke of thousands of habitations, and their indented summits seeming to blend and to harmonize with the blue sky above them—altogether forming a panorama of unrivalled beauty and magnificence.



#### RUINS OF SAINT NESSAN'S CHURCH.

Having examined the Ruins, of which the accompanying sketch will, I think, convey a correct idea, I proceeded to "the Stags," and the tide being out, I with some difficulty scrambled to the foot of the precipice.—This natural curiosity consists of three distinct masses of rock; the largest juts out from the shore, with which it is connected: in form it is square, and on all sides perfectly perpendicular; its enormous head rises considerably above the adjacent part of the Island—at least 100 feet—and it seems, as it stands abutting the ocean, like some proud bulwark or old Donjon keep, spurning the waves that continually assault its foundation, and bidding defiance even to the tooth of time. The other masses are detached, and stand at a short distance amid the waters; the midmost also rises to a considerable elevation, and terminates in a pointed pinnacle rising from a square base, having, as noticed, some resemblance to a Church; while the third, of smaller dimensions, assumes a pyramidal form. Here, among the beetling cliffs, the gulls, who we may consider the aborigines of the Island, have established their eyrie, and sought a refuge; and like the descendants of the Britons of old, still keep possession of this—the Wales of Inis Nesson.

Even here, they are not safe. A party of gentlemen arrived during my visit, and commenced a regular attack on them; and while I stood at the foot of their strong hold, they fell around me. Their wild and piercing scream, as they wheeled with rapid wing round the home of their hearts and the nestling place of their progeny—

the sullen roar of the waters as the long surge came in and dashed, broken and fretted, among the rocks—the sudden, sharp, crack—crack of the double barrell'd detonator, reverberating from cliff to cliff—the occasional shout of exultation which arose as the devoted victims fell—combined with the natural wildness and sublimity of the scene—made an impression on my mind, as I mused at the base of the frowning precipice, that will not readily be forgotten.

But I fear I have been too prolix, and mayhap have tired your patience, we will, therefore, return to our bark, which, after a long pull and a strong pull, landed me safely on that truly magnificent evidence of the skill and perseverance of man—the Pier of Howth, gratified almost to satiety with my excursion.

And now, kind reader, allow me to enquire, Have you ever been at Ireland's Eye? if you answer never, I give you the advice my friend gave me, and strongly recommend you to follow it.

R. A.

#### TO ASSIST PERSONS IN DANGER OF DROWNING.

This desirable object may be attained by the following very simple means: a man's hat and pocket-handkerchief being all the apparatus necessary. Spread the handkerchief on the ground, and place a hat, with the brim upwards, in the middle of the handkerchief; then tie the handkerchief over the hat, as you would do a bundle, keeping the knots as nearly as possible in one hand, and keeping the crown of the hat upwards, any person, though unable to swim, may fearlessly plunge into the water with a rope, to save the life of a fellow-creature.